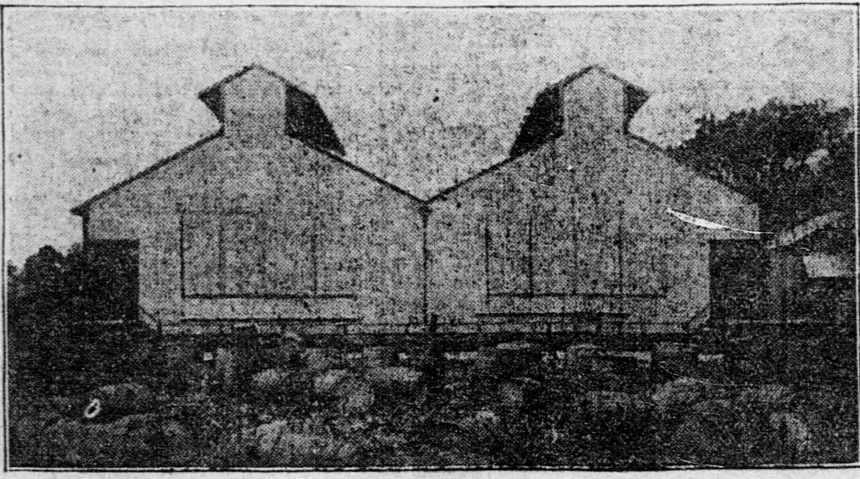
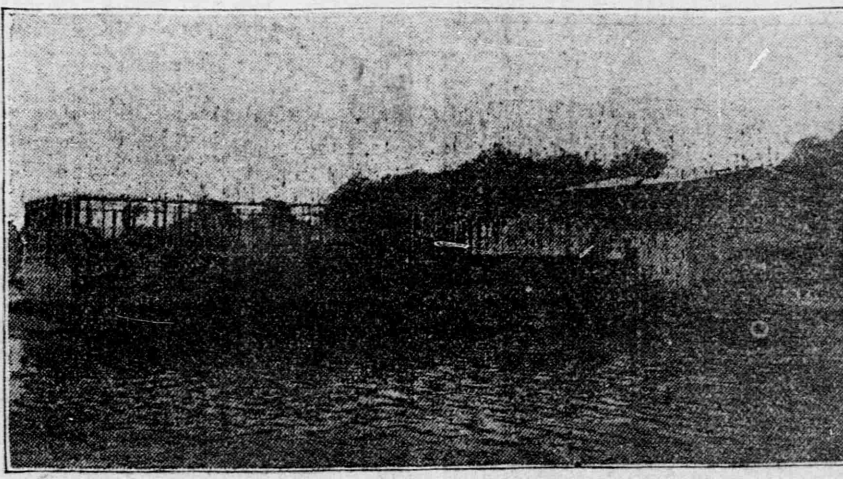


YOUNG AND OLD ENJOY NEW PUBLIC BATHS



The New Bath Houses for Whites.



The New Floating Bath Boxes.



Inner Basin, Showing Colored Bath House.

Beach Thrown Open and Thousands Take Initial Dip in the Cool Waters of the Inner and Outer Basins--Site Believed Much Better Than the Old One.

THE new bathing beach was thrown open to the public yesterday for the first time, and thousands of men and boys, black and white, took advantage of the very excellent facilities offered for a cool dip in the water. To say that the new arrangement is a great improvement over the old would be putting it mildly. The facilities now offered bathers cannot be excelled in any other city in the country, where public baths have long been in vogue. Particularly is this true of the inner

basin and the floating bath boxes for use in the outer basin. When last fall the War Department officials announced that the old bathing beach must be moved to make room for contemplated improvements, there was a howl of dismay, and it was felt the public bathing beach had received a death blow. But from the ruins of the old has arisen a much better arrangement in every particular, as was attested by those who enjoyed the new facilities yesterday.

Entire new bath houses have been provided for both white and colored bathers, and above all what has caught the popular favor are the bathing boxes, moored in the outer basin.

Floating Bath Houses.

The new floating baths are constructed along the lines of the modern baths in other large cities. They are not copied from any particular ones, however, but have been designed with a view to making the Washington product a model for other municipalities. Those in other cities are mostly moored to docks or anchored at some prominent part of the river. They must not only provide the necessary bathing compartments, but must be equipped with dressing rooms as well. The advantage here of having the dressing rooms on shore is not to be overestimated. It will give the floating bath house over entirely to the bathing accommodations. The capacity will thus be increased far beyond that of similar

institutions in other cities. The construction of these floating bath houses marks an epoch in the history of the local bathing beach, and they are confidently looked upon as being the forerunners of a future system of baths that will compare favorably with public institutions of like character in the large cities of the East.

The floating baths are moored in the outer tidal basin, some distance off from the northern shore. They thus occupy the best water of the old bathing beach location. They are connected with the shore by gangways, safely guarded on either side by hand rails.

Absolute Safety Assured.

The absolutely safety of the floating baths make their popularity assured. They are made up of a series of pools of different depths, designed to be used by all ages, from the tiniest of the boys to the most stalwart of men. These pools are nothing more nor less than square

baskets made of strong wooden slats. The river currents have free play through the slats, insuring at all times a fresh supply of water. The graded depths of the different pools or baskets, vary from a few inches to four or five feet. It is at present the intention not to allow bathing in the deep water surrounding the floating bath. Experienced swimmers, who will have the opportunity of proving themselves to be such, may be provided with a raft farther out in the basin, where they may enjoy diving and distance swimming. A life guard will, of course, be assigned to the raft.

Shuts Out All View.

The floating bath houses have solid sides shutting off all view of the bathers in the pools. On account of the privacy a more scanty attire is allowed here than at the bathing beach proper. Certain days, perhaps Fridays of each week, will be set apart as ladies' day on

Bathing Boxes Moored in Outer Basin an Innovation That Will Doubtless Grow in Popular Favor--Life Guard on Duty to Help Those Who Need It.

The floating baths, when lady attendants will be in charge, and all men excluded. There is no roof to the floating baths. The greatest amount of fresh air possible is desired, and it was thought the best way to bring about this state of affairs was to leave the top entirely open. If it should later appear that protection from the rays of the sun is desired, a canvas roof will be adopted. It will be so suspended as to leave three or four feet of ventilating space on each side, however.

The general dressing rooms are located on a strip of land between the inner and outer basins. By this arrangement bathers can go into the inner basin, or, should they so choose, can walk out on the platform and take a dip in the floating baths. These floating baths have been so arranged that one is always accessible to white bathers, while the other is exclusively for colored bathers. The arrangements for both races at the bathing beach do not differ one iota.

PHILIPPINE CONDITIONS OFFER SERIOUS PROBLEMS

H. C. MITCHELL, of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, has recently returned to Washington from the Philippine Islands, where he has been stationed the past two years. Though his work was confined to the coast, Mr. Mitchell traveled extensively through the archipelago and observed the condition of the natives closely.

During his entire stay in the islands Mr. Mitchell said no violence was offered to members of the Coast and Geodetic Survey by the Filipinos.

Peaceful Errand Recognized.

"We went armed," said Mr. Mitchell, "in case of an emergency, but the natives, even in the wildest parts of the islands, seemed to realize that we were on a peaceful errand and did not molest us."

"The work of the Survey is progressing favorably. The most frequented parts of the coast are being mapped first, and gradually the whole coast line will be surveyed and rocks and shoals described."

"Though the Spaniards had already done some work in a coast survey of the islands, the information left by them was very meager. The English and Germans did more important work in this line."

"Industrial development of the islands is kept down by the lack of suitable labor and draught animals. The latter have been destroyed by the rinderpest. Thousands of water buffalo, the domestic animal of the islands, have been killed by this disease. Horses imported to the islands have suffered the same fate."

"The question of labor there is even a more difficult problem. Though it may be possible to get rid of the pest, it will be extremely difficult, if not impossible, to cure the natives of laziness. They will work for a short time, make enough money to live on for a few weeks, and refuse to work again until this money is gone."

Manual Training Schools.

"The government has established schools of manual training in the islands, and every possible means is being used to teach the natives to work. At

one school the teacher has imported seeds and grain from the United States, and is teaching the natives to plant and cultivate them, with good success. His wife gives instruction to the native women in the methods of preparing the vegetables and grain for food."

"Many of the natives are too proud to do manual labor. One was appointed clerk in a substation office. When he arrived at the office he found his chief, an American, with coat off, sorting a pile of mail."

"Take off your coat and get to work on this mail," said the chief. The native slowly took off his coat, but with a sudden resolve, he put it on and walked out, saying that he had been engaged as a clerk and not as a laborer. This seems to be the spirit that pervades the island."

Capital Cautious.

"With these problems to face, capital hesitates about entering the islands. The lumber business, which will eventually become one of the greatest industries of the archipelago, is today insignificant."

"The islands are heavily wooded, many of them down to the water's edge, and these forests contain some of the finest hardwoods in the world. But until there is some means of transportation provided, such as the wire pulley system in use in this country, by which the logs can be hauled out, lumbering will remain at a standstill."

"The attitude of the people is favorable to America, and as favorable to the American form of government as it would be to any form of government. The people are learning English rapidly. Schools have been established through the islands where the children are taught English, and in about two generations nearly all the natives will speak the English language."

Immigration Light.

"There is little immigration to the islands at present, which still further holds back industrial development. It is a long distance for people to go from Europe, and they prefer to stop in the United States. Americans find that it costs more to live in the islands which at present offer no especial inducement to them in a business way."

UNCLE JOE CANNON'S ROMANCE

"UNCLE JOE" CANNON is a pure democrat in habits and manners, but when occasion requires he can be a perfect Chesterfield and meet the duties of any refined social station. He is fond of witty stories and is chuck full of poetry. As chairman of the Appropriations Committee he has at times to appear hard and repellent, and many of his associates have got the impression that he is a crusty, cynical old curmudgeon. That is not the real Joe Cannon. He is full of sentiment, and not long ago, in the genial glow of a friend's fireside, after having dined well and been mollified by good companionship, "Uncle Joe" surprised a group of his friends by relating a sentimental story of his first love affair.

It occurred more than half a century ago in the little town where young Cannon began life after leaving the academy. "She was a beautiful girl and I loved her," softly said the old statesman, as he looked into the fire and smoked his fragrant cigar. "Ah, those were the sweet old days." "Ah, those were the sweet old days," the young fellow had not thought of proposing matrimony, for, as he expressed it, "I didn't have money enough to buy a pair of shoes." Along came the Mormon missionaries. The girl's mother became a convert and decided to go to Utah. She compelled her daughter to go with her, and gave her to understand that she was to be the plural wife of some Latter Day Saint. Young Cannon and the maiden were overwhelmed with grief, and he determined to rescue her from her fate. While he was casting about for the means to detain her, the mother and daughter left Indiana for Utah. "For three days I was plunged in black despair," said Mr. Cannon in relating the incident, "but I recovered and so did she. I learned many years afterward through George Q. Cannon, who came to Congress as a Delegate from Utah, that my old sweetheart was a practicing physician and the fourth wife of a prominent Mormon." And here ended the romance.

LITTLE NORMAN BUTTERCUP.

Little Norman Buttercup, used all the butter up. On the pancakes that Aunt dear would fry! When his Aunt dear would stare Little Norman would declare "I wonder where the butter went? Oh, my!"

ARMY WOMEN ON THE MARCH. By Gen. Andrew Burt, U. S. A.

ALMOST daily one who notices the army orders in the various daily papers will read that the Regiment of Infantry is ordered from Fort Myer, Va., to Fort Bliss or even to take station in the Philippine Islands. Such changes, especially when they are within the confines of the United States mean nothing to the army woman and less, of course, to her soldier husband. But, changing stations by regiments or by companies in the "frontier days of long ago" was quite a different proposition. Now it is hop into a railroad train, sleepers for the entire command, officers and men. In the old days it was marching afoot or horseback fifteen to twenty miles a day in all kinds of weather, eating hardtack and bacon, with a little coffee. There would be only one or two wagons to a company to haul the tentage and equipment of the men and officers, which were confined to the barest necessities.

Tramp Across Wilderness.

In the spring of 1866 the Eighteenth United States Infantry, in which regiment I was then a captain, was ordered to Fort Bridger, Utah, and Camp Douglas, adjacent to Salt Lake City, two companies at the latter station and four companies at the former. The rest of the regiment was to open up a new country and to establish and build two new posts in the Big Horn country of the Rockies, in northern Wyoming. Fort Phil Kearney on Piney Creek and Fort T. E. Smith on the Big Horn River, this last fort on the border line of Montana, a territory unknown to the whites, save a few trappers belonging to the old Hudson Bay Company, as daring and hardy a class of men as any known in the world's history. My company was destined for Fort Bridger, distant from Leavenworth about 1,100 miles. We estimated it would take us about three months to make the trip.

I want to give you the experience of an army woman on such a journey. One day is very much like another on such a march.

Sounding the "General."

Reveille, or getting-up time, is sounded at such an hour in the morning as the "K. O." (army slang for commanding officer), has decided. He is governed in making his selection by the question as to how far it is from the marching point to water and wood, but more especially water, for both men and animals must be well cared for in this direction. Reveille having sounded, the women of the party have to make a hasty toilet, in order that the command may be ready to move off as soon as possible after the "general" has sounded. And while there are oftentimes some peculiar delays in starting attributed to the woman wanting to catch just another "forty winks," I cannot recall but one woman who almost invariably delayed the command, simply through thoughtlessness, and yet this woman, in the instance I am about to relate, exhibited a nerve far beyond what would be expected of the fair sex. Picture, if you will, the far Western country of forty years ago, when hostile redskins were on every side, and you will have a framework. This woman, who was the wife of our quartermaster, and whom we will call "Mrs. Ettie," had delayed the command numerous times by not getting up for her breakfast. This had caused Colonel Lewis, who was in command, and who was afterward killed by the Cheyennes in their race for liberty from the Indian Territory to their old home in the north, to lose patience. He bore these delays with patience, and at last remonstrated with the quartermaster. Captain "Ettie" concluded to give my "lazy lady" a scare. He went to

Mrs. "Ettie" and gave her to distinctly understand that the very next time she was not ready to get into her ambulance when the assembly sounded, the tent would be pulled down over her head, toilet or no toilet, breakfast or no breakfast.

"John, you would not dare do such a thing and expose me to the entire camp," was Mrs. "Ettie's" response.

Told a "White Lie."

"Well, those are the commanding officer's orders," which was, of course, a fib. But he thought a "white lie" would be more effective, and that by letting her think the commanding officer was riled she would do better in the future. And as a matter of fact she did. But the inevitable happened in a few days; she got over her lesson, and became later and later. Finally her husband decided to try his experiment.

"Tomorrow morning, 'Ettie,' after having delayed the command for an hour or more this tent comes down to the 'general.' So I advise you to at least have finished dressing."

She laughed, but sure enough as the command prepared to march out of camp the next morning, Mrs. Ettie was not ready, but down came the tent. Mrs. Ettie had, fortunately, finished her toilet, and was calmly sitting in the middle of the tent space eating her breakfast. The balance of the command marched by as if they were going to leave her, but she sat there as smiling as you please.

My wife was indignant. "Andrew, you are not going to treat Mrs. Ettie in that manner; let me out this instant that I may be with her." I told my wife the whole matter was a bluff, to make Mrs. Ettie do better in the future, and she appeared satisfied. The command marched on for a mile and halted. In the meantime an ambulance, which had been left in a ravine in charge of Captain "Ettie" drove up, but she did not move. She calmly kept on with her breakfast until it was completed, and then signified her willingness to join the command. It is a significant fact that she was never late again.

Infantry Best on March.

It is an established fact that once settled down to marching the infantryman can outlast the horse. Some cavalrymen will take issue with this assertion. As an instance, in Creek's campaign of 1876, against Sitting Bull I recall a spirited dialogue between two soldiers. We of the infantry, Chambers' command, were plodding along literally puddling in mud for our trail lay over an alkali country which means no vegetation whatever and a light soil, and the going was awful. Every step a man would pick up several pounds of mud. The infantry were in the lead, with a small cavalry detail in advance. It was well into the day when the main body of cavalry caught up with us and there was the usual good-natured exchange of chaff between the soldiers. One of the cavalrymen swung around in his saddle and addressed one of my men:

"Casey, old man, how are your corns? Is it fine walking? Don't you want to ride a horse?"

Casey, in the richest brogue you ever heard, replied: "To hell wid your horse. Gwan now we'll walk yer horse off his legs and thin we'll eat him."

This was a veritable prophecy inasmuch as Crook's command was reduced to horse meat as their only food supply. This too was the only time in which a large military command in the United States army was put to such straits for food.

Now for the army woman's daily life, marching across the then wild and woolly West and living in tents for three months. Ambulances were always furnished for the women to ride in. Arriving in camp, the day's journey over, the women of the command waited patiently or impatiently according to disposition, courage and fortitude for their tents to be pitched. My portion of the camp was typical of the rest. At the close of the march and the camp site having been selected by the commanding officer I stuck my sword in the ground for the front pole of my tent. The sergeant in charge of the fatigue detail comes to that point with his squad and in a jiffy has the canvas in position. We have two wall tents to be pitched, and they are so erected as to face each other. Across the open space between the two is fastened a fly which gives us a veranda.

One tent is for the wife and baby and the other for a sister who is traveling with us. She sleeps in it at night, and during the day we use it for a dining room and parlor. Three or four yards away in the rear are two "A" tents, one of which is used as a kitchen and the other as sleeping quarters for our black nurse, Maggie, who we persuaded to take the trip to care for the youngster. Maggie bossed the outfit, but she always stood in awe of Indians, and in this way I exercised some little control over her. She thought I could summon Indians at will. At each camp she would watch her opportunity to whisper to me:

"Say, Majah" (I was brevet major) "is dey injuns roon' beah?"

"I am not certain, Maggie. I thought I saw a few over the hill."

"Foh de Lawd sakes, is dey goin' to skulp us dis heah night; dis heah wool ob mine is jes a-kinikin' and a-kinikin'!"

I succeeded in quieting her finally, and in this way was able to have her do what I wanted.

Fixing Up "House."

The sergeant having pitched the tents, the household goods are brought from the wagons, which have been unloaded in the meantime. A tent fly is stretched on the ground for a carpet in our one-night stand. The bed roll is brought in, unstrapped, with the articles in use in our camp bedroom. Maggie and the ladies make up the bed and put the "room" to rights for the night. The bedstead (a couple of "horses" supporting the bed slats) stands in the upper right-hand corner of the tent, at the foot is the washstand, a tripod with a basin of water, a bucket of water, and a tin cup. Besides these, two folding chairs and a rope stretched across to hold the clothes.

After everything is straightened out comes a wash-up and something to eat, the latter consisting of bacon, hardtack, and coffee. But I had one little luxury not in the other messes. Just before starting out I purchased half a dozen hens and a rooster, which I strapped in a coop on the rear of the wagon. These hens used to furnish us with an occasional egg. Of course, the hens had to be watched, as they were released upon arriving in camp. One day my little son gave us quite a surprise. The family were having a slenda, dreaming of the good things to eat at the close of the march, when the little tot rushed to where I was sleeping and awakened me with his baby prattle: "Papa, papa, tum quick! Ze old rooster been here left a egg."

I got up and upon investigation found that one of the hens had taken the center of Mrs. Burt's bed as a nesting place and had there deposited her daily offering. These little incidents make a pleasant diversion in the days' marches. I cannot close this paper, however, without calling attention to a notable fact. With all the hardships and all the loss of sleep I never had to say to Mrs. Burt once in the morning, "Lizzie, the command is waiting for you." She was always ready when the general sounded, and we were off and away whenever the "K. O." gave the order to march.

MARKS WHICH CRIMINALS ARE UNABLE TO CONCEAL

"I CAN easily spot a pickpocket in a crowd," said one of Washington's best known detectives, who has been attached to the Detective Bureau at Police Headquarters for the last fifteen years, in conversation with a reporter the other day. "It is not necessary that I know my man by sight first before I can spot him. A thief as a rule, you know, has a habit of glancing frequently over his shoulder in a furtive manner to see that he is not being watched, and it is by that habit that a thief has often betrayed his occupation to me."

"Frequently I have had to track and identify men whom I have never seen, my only means of identification being a photograph taken years ago. This is usually very difficult to accomplish, however, as it is easy for the criminal radically to change his appearance. It is possible for a man to pose as a sailor, a farmer, a tough, or a pastor, within, say, twenty-four hours. Many criminals make a specialty of disguises, and I assure you they can alter their appearance to a remarkable degree."

"Disguises, however, no matter how cleverly got up, do not always conceal a man's identity. There are, for instance, the color and expression of the eyes. These cannot possibly be altered, and they have been one of my most frequent aids in identifying fugitive criminals. Another identification mark, although not infallible one, but one, nevertheless, by which I have on several occasions de-

tected a criminal when other means failed me, are the cheekbones. Like the color of the eyes, they cannot be changed.

"Descriptions as to the weight and circumference of a 'wanted' man frequently prove faulty, and therefore unreliable as aids to detection. This is especially so where a man has evaded the detectives for any great length of time, for it is possible that during his evasion the criminal may have lost a great deal of his weight and corpulence, while, on the other hand, a spare man may have gained in avoidpudness and bulk. In such cases, however, I have in one or two instances established the identity of the man I was after by his ears. As a rule, the worst criminals have oddly shaped ears, and no matter how cleverly they may disguise themselves they can seldom succeed in concealing their tell-tale earmarks from the detective who has already made their acquaintance."

"The eyebrows also afford another means of personal identity, because they are invariably distinctive and characteristic to the trained detective. About three years ago I captured one of our cleverest crooks, a man who has served many terms in prison, by the peculiar slant of his eyebrows. At the time I arrested him he was wearing a wig and a flowing black false beard. The disguise might easily have deceived the casual observer, but to me there was one thing lacking to make it complete. He had forgotten to alter his eyebrows, and they alone gave me the cue to his identity."

PUNCTURED HIS BARBER

THE small man deposited himself with a tired sigh into the barber's chair, and wobbled his head that way and this while whitecoat tucked the towel about his neck. He closed his eyes. He seemed meek, unobtrusive. "Hair going a little," began the barber, deprecatingly.

The small man woke up with a start.

"Ha!" he said sharply, "so you notice that? Well, you are right. It is going—not a little, but a great deal; not hair by hair, but in bunches. For all I care, sir, it will continue to go until it has all gone. I am aware that some of your rejuvenating hair tonic in the green bottle would cause it to grow in again with a rush that one might hear, but I do not want any hair tonic on."

"I am satisfied, also, that if you were to give me, after the shave, a nice comforting singe, that it would prevent any more hair coming out. Yet I will not have a singe, though I believe a singe is a good thing. If you look closely you will see that my scalp is covered with a fine dust, that is not really dust, as most lobsers suppose, but that is really fine particles of dandruff follicles, which a fine, vigorous shampoo would remove. But I do not want a shampoo."

"Again: a gentle massage with your practiced fingers would renew the circulation in my face, cause these hollows to bloom out and blossom as the spring, would it not? Yes, I thought so. And yet, believe me, I will have no massage. Neither will I have my nails manicured, though God knows they need it. 'I will have none of these things. Instead, if you will concentrate your mind

on giving me a shave, taking care to neither slice segments off my ear or start hairs a-growing in, and not too close—just a nice, ordinary, inexpensive shave, with bay rum or without it, just as you please, powder or not, just as it suits your whim, I will be deeply grateful, and moreover, I will pay for it and perhaps tip you."

Then he fell back in the chair and got his shave without any extras in the way of advice.

REST.

Down where sleepful daisies blink Drowsily their dew-draped lashes, Summer's twilight shadows sink O'er the waving grassy mashes.

Purple-tinged violets close Dreamily their perfumed petals, Kindly crickets dull their noise 'Till it sounds as rumbling metals.

Fireflies round the meadow lot Light their candles, small, uncertain, Flickering, fluttering flash, unsought, Blinded by night's deep dark curtain.

Whispering pines in woodland near, Lull all wakeful ones to slumber; Then in whispers none may hear Blessings hush, in countless numbers.

Sleepful, graceful, peaceful spot, To my mind a sweet dream lending, May thy beauty never blot, May thy rest be all unending.

—Christopher Bond.